a simple coming in for one woman acting at Brooklyn on her birthday!

Brooklyn is as sure a laugh in New York as the mother-in-law in a London music hall. " All cities begin by being lonesome/' a comedian explained, " and Brooklyn has never gotten over it."

My only complaint against Brooklyn was that they would not take Fussie in at the hotel there. Fttssie, during these early American tours, was still *my* dog. Later on he became Henry's. He had his affections alienated by a course of chops, tomatoes, strawberries, (tladies' fingers" soaked in champagne, and a beautiful fur rug of his very own presented by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts !

How did I come by Fussie ? I went to Newmarket with Rosa Corder, whom Whistler painted. She was one of those plain-beautiful women who are so far more attractive than some of the pretty ones. She had wonderful hair—like a fair, pale veil, a white, waxen face, and a very good figure ; and she wore very odd clothes. She had a studio in Southampton Row, and another at Newmarket where she went to paint horses. I went to Cambridge once and drove back with her across the heath to her studio.

"How wonderfully different are the expressions on terriers' faces," I said to her, looking at a painting of hers of a fox-terrier pup. " That's the only sort of dog I should like to have."

" That one belonged to Fred Archer/' Rosa Corder said. " I daresay he could get you one like it."

We went out to find Archer. Curiously enough I had

known the famous jockey at Harpenden when he was a little boy, and I believe used to come round with vegetables.

" I'll send you a dog, Miss Terry, that won't be any trouble. He's got a very good head, a first-rate tail,